

ABILENE REFLECTOR

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LOVE NOW.

You will love me the day I die.
Oh! love me then living.
While yet from a full heart replying,
I give to your loving.
What gain hath my lifetime of loving,
If you part from me?
To give me back trouble my loving
In the hour I die?
All anguish, all maddest adoring,
Will be vain in last day.
Though you kneel to me then with imploring,
What word could I say?
Oh! love me, then, now, that I quicken
My heart's falling breath.
Why wait till to love is toicken
At the coldness of death?
—Grace M. Littlejohn, N. Y. Independent.

BLOCKADE RUNNING.

Some Incidents Related by One
Who Helped to Stop It.

The "Captures" of the "Connecticut"
Chasing after "Black Smoke"—The
Noted "Herald" Cornered—Love
and Matrimony and a Modern
"Joan of Arc."

The writer commanded the United States steamer Connecticut on the blockade off Wilmington, N. C., for fourteen months, and during that period captured and sent in four steamers—June, Scotia, Minnie and Greyhound, all with valuable cargoes; vessels and cargoes valued at \$1,000,000. The Connecticut ran ashore and destroyed four other blockade runners—Pantom, Herald, Cores, and Diamond.

The blockade runners would always select dark nights to run in and out and certain stages of the moon (between the last and first quarters of the moon), when it set early and rose late. This moon arrangement was always a matter of great concern to them; then a tolerably high tide also entered into the calculations.

The first blockade-runner captured by the Connecticut was the June. It was a bright, pleasant morning, off shore, and out about seventy miles from Wilmington, when, at day-break, she was discovered. Chase was immediately given, and in three hours she was wrecked on her first trip.

And now came up the question of common sense versus law. The Connecticut had captured a schooner laden with salt, a cargo not worth more than three or four hundred dollars. By throwing the salt overboard five or six thousand dollars' worth of valuable goods could be taken from the Herald and put on board of the schooner, which was done. This would naturally be deemed common sense. But the law says that a person in the navy shall take out of a prize any goods or any property before the same shall be adjudged lawful prize by a competent court.

This proceeding was duly reported to the Navy Department, but nothing was ever said in the way of approval or disapproval thereof.

The chief engineer of the Connecticut was a zealous, patriotic man, and was well up to his duties in every particular. In the hard chase of fifteen hours as has been described, it occurred to the Captain to step down into the engine and boiler-rooms to take a survey of matters and things. When he arrived, the chief engineer remarked: "Captain, these boilers have now been run many months in chasing blockade runners, and are getting tender. They are under a heavy strain to-day, and I advise you to keep on deck."

The Captain replied that if there was any danger he didn't know why he shouldn't share it with the engineer. "But," said the official, "your particular post of duty is on deck, and mine is here. I shipped for this, and if the boilers go it is my privilege and my duty to stick to it and go with them."

Upon reflection, and deeming discretion the better part of valor, the Captain left and went on deck. The boilers, however, did not go, but burst. Low, and matrimony came in as incidents in the course of this blockade service. Ports and towns may never be blockaded, but loving hearts can never be, although hard-hearted parents sometimes attempt it.

When the Greyhound was captured (vessel and cargo adjudged by the Prize Courts to be worth half a million of dollars) among the passengers on board was the noted Belle Boyd, who had been a prisoner before in the war in the hands of General Butler, and had been made somewhat famous by her general deportment, her speeches and her pertness. The Greyhound was taken to Boston and was condemned. Belle Boyd, with the other passengers, and the officers and crew, were released and permitted to go wherever they pleased. From Boston they all went to Halifax, and from thence to England.

The prize-master of the Greyhound was a young volunteer officer with the rank of acting Master in the United States Navy, and rather a good-looking fellow. It seems that while on board of the Greyhound together, he and Belle Boyd became greatly interested in each other, and their feelings ripened into affectionate friendship. After they separated at Boston a fervent correspondence was commenced and continued between them, and they became engaged. He resigned from the Federal Navy, and proceeded to England, and they were married in Liverpool. Subsequently, she wrote an interesting book about her life and adventures, in which she gives a graphic account of her courtship and marriage, with all attending incidents. Her career was certainly full of the most eventful, heroic and romantic features; a career softened and varied at the same time, and which showed that hearts could be captured as well as blockade-runners.

It may not be generally known, or may have been forgotten by the public, that Belle Boyd was the daughter of General Boyd, of the Confederate army, who died while a prisoner to the Federal forces. He possessed vast estates in Virginia, early embraced the cause of Southern independence, and was soon entrusted with a General's command. His daughter Belle enthusiastically embraced the same cause, followed her father to the field and accompanied him through every campaign. On two occasions, like a modern Joan of Arc, she heroically led on the troops to battle. She was, however, captured in a skirmish, and was a prisoner for thirteen months, as previously mentioned. Then she was exchanged for General Cochrane, who had been made prisoner by the Confederates. After all these years, I remember her second capture and its results with amused interest.—Bear Admiral Almy, in Louisville Courier-Journal.

We knew that blockade-runners were

expected, for the tides and the state of the moon favored them. The moon went down early. Orders had been given that at that time every vessel should have her anchor up, with steam and everything ready for a start. The vessels, four in number—Connecticut, Georgia, Emma and Buckingham—were swinging about, and little steam used to keep them in their assigned positions. They were like restless race-horses awaiting the order "Go!" The officer of the deck was lying down upon his breast on the hurricane deck, sweeping the horizon with his glass. Suddenly he reported that there was something moving on the water like a blockade-runner. The commander took a look and confirmed the report. Orders were immediately given to start and move at full speed. Two shotguns were fired at the vessel when she changed her course, stood off under full speed and was lost sight of. In this move she met with the Georgia, which vessel started after her and drove her off. Continuing in her persistence to enter, the Emma met her and drove her off. She was faster than most of our vessels and, as it was dark, she could soon run out of sight. But she was not willing to give it up. She had now stood pretty well over toward Smith's Island, thinking she might get in by running close along the land; and now for the fourth time she attempted it when the Buckingham espied her, opened her guns upon her, and drove her off. As we didn't see or hear anything more of her that night we supposed she had gone out to sea, to try it perhaps another night, as was frequently done.

But at daybreak the next morning, lo and behold! there was the steamer hard and fast ashore. She had been forced off and shoved over so many times that she had got nearer the land than she calculated, and had run badly ashore. Attempts were made by our vessels to get her off, which was found to be impossible. A few days after a gale of wind came in which broke the vessel to pieces. She was found to be the noted English blockade runner Herald. The officers and crew had left in their boats, and landed on Smith's Island in the dark of the night.

This steamer had been running between Bermuda and Charleston, had made ten or twelve successful trips and had paid for herself several times over. She had changed her route to the one between Nassau and Wilmington, which proved bad luck, as she was wrecked on her first trip.

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FROM ONE WHO KNOWS.

Views of an Ex-Governor of South Carolina on the Southern Question.

In the current number of the New Englander, Mr. Daniel H. Chamberlain—of whom, as a Republican Governor of South Carolina, the country once heard a great deal—breaks a long silence to discuss the present and prospective aspects of the Southern question. We are bound to say that his remarks, as a whole, are among the best yet made on a very fruitful subject; and coming from such eminent Republican authority, are especially deserving of the thoughtful consideration of all honest members of that party. It will be remembered that Senator Sherman while intentionally holding to "electa Democratic Governor in New York last fall—recommended, as an infallible panacea for Southern ills, the reduction of the basis of representation in those Southern States where fewer Republican votes are cast than the party managers think ought to be. Chamberlain now offers a different remedy, a more realistic proposition than its impudence merits; declares that the alleged remedy would not, even if it could be reached, reach the disease, and that the latter must be left to cure itself. He says—and let us not forget who it is that says it—that

The real question is plain: the result of the want of intelligence, experience and good judgment on the part of the class who are deprived of the right to vote, and of the racial prejudice and political ambition of the class which holds the right. The remedy is, in respect to the race, to remove the corrupt and maladministration of most of the Southern State governments from 1865 to 1876.

This is the whole Southern business in a nutshell. The freedmen—as President Lincoln so well knew—were not prepared for citizenship, and should have been allowed to wait until some degree of preparation had been attained. But in spite of their unfitness, the ballot was thrust into their hands by an unscrupulous Republican policy; and then, in order to consummate that policy, they were used to fasten upon the Southern race the meanest and dirtiest of despotisms. The results of which Republicans complain are, says Chamberlain, inevitable "whenever in any community those who hold nearly all its property, intelligence and experience in self-government are set against those who are for the most part without property, education or experience in public affairs." We may add that if Massachusetts or Maine had suffered for eight months "the insupportable corruption and maladministration" which South Carolina and Louisiana endured for eight years, they would have risen in righteous wrath and driven every negro and carpet-bagger into the sea. The wonder is, not that the Southern people, under such intense provocation, did some things they ought not to have done, but that they were not utterly reckless in their resistance to the inalienable iniquity. The greatest wonder is that, in less than ten years after the destruction of Republican rule in the South, the two races are working together for a common prosperity in peace and harmony. The trouble is, not a little real trouble between them that during the last Presidential campaign Republican office-holders and traveling newspaper correspondents could not find a single "Southern outrage" worth reporting.

Chamberlain urges his political associates to abandon all efforts to prolong, through party proclamations and appeals, a controversy which has resulted so disastrously to those in whose interests it has been carried on, and to leave whatever difficulties yet remain in the Southern situation to be overcome by the National Government at work. That is, let the South manage its own affairs in its own way, untroubled by Northern interference or instruction. It is most devotedly to be wished that Sherman, Logan and their co-laborers in the making of sectional mischief, may follow this sensible and patriotic advice; but if they do, what will become of the bloody shirt and without the bloody shirt what would become of "the grand old party?"—St. Louis Republic.

RASCALS CRY OUT.

The Abuse Heaped at Commissioner Sparks Not Coming from Honest Home-Stealers.

The outcry that has lately been made against Commissioner Sparks, of the Land Office, would naturally lead the public to believe that Mr. Sparks is an odious tyrant, whose order suspending the issuing of patents until the claims to the lands in question could be examined was a blow at the poor but honest settler seeking a humble home on the prairies of the great West. There has been clamor enough over the matter to deafen ears of brass. A little investigation only is necessary to show that the clamor is not made by bona-fide settlers, who are fulfilling the requirements of the Homestead law. The man who has settled on his homestead and is improving it knows he has nothing to fear, even if he is compelled to wait a little for his patent until the rascality of somebody else is exposed.

In point of fact, the howl is raised by land speculators and cattle kings, who want the earth, and want it for nothing. They have fenced in millions of acres to which they have no legal title, but they hope to obtain a legal title by the perjury of cowboys and other irresponsible agents, who will swear to a lie for a very small consideration. The order of Commissioner Sparks blocks this rascally game, as an investigation is sure to reveal the perjury. Hence the outcry.

The extent to which the false entry of lands under the Homestead act has been carried may be inferred from the report of Special Agent Webster Eaton in regard to a portion of the Duluth and St. Cloud land districts. He states that four thousand and three hundred final homestead entries have been in a district in which he finds less than one hundred actual settlers of all kinds, who are making or trying to make a living by farming. It is plain that this wholesale robbery of the public lands has been allowed to exist until nearly all the lands available for settlement have been gobbled up. But because wrong has been done in the past is no reason why it should be allowed to continue. Want lands are left should be reserved for actual settlers and the large bodies now held fraudulently should be restored to the public do-

main. Commissioner Sparks will have the countenance and support of every honest man in the country in his effort to withstand the rapacity of the land grabbers.—Philadelphia Times.

THE DECIDING ACT.

The Law of the Land Does Not Oblige the President to Give His Reasons for Removals.

It is not generally known that originally the requirement of confirmation of the executive appointments of the President by the Senate did not, in practice, exist, whatever may have been the theory held by Congress. It is true that originally confirmation by the Senate was applied, but only in the cases of quite a small number of the principal officers. In the meantime, however, the Senate has been constantly extending its claims to the principle of confirmation, until they now include a considerable portion of the whole executive offices of the Government, some one hundred thousand in number.

Now, in view of this enormous stride toward the assumption of purely executive functions on the part of the Senate, nothing can be clearer or more certain than that the President is compelled to make his appointments with an eye to the favor of the Senate rather than to the welfare of the public service. And when to the evil of the deprivation of the Executive of a power which naturally and scientifically appertains to his branch of the Government are added the political jobbery and mutual trading which have in the past influenced that body, and which the Civil-Service act was designed to reform, the evils and the tendency to political debauchery by the present Senatorial practice can readily be perceived.

There was one period, however, in the history of the country when this domination of the Senate in appointments passed into desuetude and, indeed, into a state of almost abeyance. This was during the civil war. The necessities of the then situation restored the President to his natural and scientific place in the Government, and compelled the Senate to abdicate its virtually usurped and absolute executive powers and to accept obediently the nominations of the Executive. At that time, in fact, both houses of Congress attempted to solve a problem which no Legislature, from that of the revolutionary assembly of France, had ever successfully coped with, and most signally and abjectly failed therein.

The war once ended, however, the Senate, through the unpopularity of President Johnson and the instrumentality of the Tenure-of-Office bill, was again enabled to seize the power which had been wrested from its grasp by means of President Lincoln's over-mastering astuteness and the favoring circumstances which environed him.

Just now a contention has arisen between the President and the Senate. The Senate claims, under the Tenure-of-Office act, that the President is bound to submit to it his reasons for removal of officers. This act authorizes the President, "in his discretion," to suspend any officer during the recess of the Senate. But, at the same time, it is by no means in any portion of it mandatory, on the President to state his reasons for removal. Consequently, if the President should refuse to give cause, he would naturally follow, if the Senate is not just cause for refusing confirmation.

In the meantime the public will watch the outcome of this contention between the Executive and the Senate with no little interest.—Chicago News.

MERELY COMMON-SENSE.

Putting Men in Responsible Places Who Sympathize with the Administration's Policy.

Much ado is being made over the suggestion that the President will hereafter distribute the patronage among those who endorse his policy, and ignore the skeptics and opponents. This proposition, which is the merest creature of conjecture, is being as loudly and as indignantly repudiated as the President has formally proclaimed it, and is made the basis of a most bewildering array of criticism. The President is taken to task with reproachful acrimony. He is pictured as an overbearing Caesar, riding down the honest convictions of men, and compelling obedience where it would not be freely yielded.

Of course this is the most arrant nonsense. In the first place the President has made no such declaration of purpose, nor is he likely to. There is nothing in the situation to call for the definition of rules in that respect. The President is responsible to the country for the honesty and competency of his appointees—nothing more. He is responsible to his party for their Democracy. But in all other respects he has absolute discretion. It is not necessary that he should prescribe limits within which he will distribute preferment, or the right of distribution rests with him. The people made him President because they have confidence in his wisdom and patriotism. They hold him to no account except for the general result of his Administration, and the reputation of the Democracy, which is corollary.

There are certain places involving executive functions and possessing discretionary powers in which it is not only the President's privilege, but his duty, to put men who are in accord with his views. He has made a frank declaration of those views, and they have met with the cordial approval of the country. There is no secret as to the ends which he deems important to the Nation's welfare or as to the means by which he proposes to promote them. Why, then, since he is the head, charged with the formulation of a policy and held responsible for its successful execution, should he not call to his councils and choose for his confidential men who sympathize in his convictions and aspirations? Mr. Cleveland is no faint-hearted weakling. He is not President for the glory and the salary. He represents a great party; he is the trustee of a colossal undertaking. He is earnest, with comprehensive plans and virile methods, and he wants about him those who share his ideas and partake of his characteristics. Nothing could be more silly in itself or more disastrous in its effects than a compromise with such imperative obligations.

The people are taking no share in these querulous complaints. They have applauded the President's policy and are proud of it. They would have him omit nothing calculated to establish it upon an enduring basis. He has been commissioned to accomplish a great work; they wish him godspeed from the bottom of their anxious hearts.—N. Y. Star.

—South Africa has 1,562 miles of railroad in working order.

A LONELY ISLAND.

The Melancholy Isolation of St. Kilda and Its People.

Standing in melancholy isolation in the midst of the stormy Atlantic, 140 miles from the mainland, the island of St. Kilda is nothing but a lonely and desolate prison, and its inhabitants remain in a state of enforced and dreary exile. Cut off from all communication with the outer world, except for their two posts a year, and a visit from an occasional stray vessel, revolutions may agitate the world, wars may rage, general elections may be decided, and the St. Kildians be unaware that anything important is going on. News may travel to the most distant part of the Queen's dominions before it reaches this corner of the British Isles. Things are improving, however, even in St. Kilda. Now that only eight or nine months elapse at the longest between the visits of the postman, the inhabitants consider themselves tolerably well posted up in news as compared with the condition of things about fifty years ago, when the minister kept praying that his Majesty, King William, might be granted health long to reign over us, and be surrounded with wise and trusty counselors, three years after that gracious monarch was dead.

So little is known of St. Kilda, that early last year it was thought that the rocky island, which is only three miles long and two broad, had been submerged or carried away like a huge iceberg, by the waters of the Atlantic. St. Kilda has been in trouble, but its misfortune did not amount to complete annihilation. Disastrous storms distress the inhabitants. Although girt round with rocks sometimes rising precipitously from the waves to the height of two hundred feet, the wild tempestuous ocean throws its angry spray over the high cliffs, oversweeps the island and destroys the crops which the people try to raise. Last autumn the whole of the crop was destroyed by one of these storms. With starvation staring them in the face the distressed inhabitants sent message after message adrift in the hope that some would be found and assistance sent them. One of these messages was picked up toward the end of September, and through Sir William Collins of Glasgow, and Principal Rainy a relief expedition was fitted out and the food was landed, though as the vessel arrived on Sunday these simple folks declined to give a hand in discharging the cargo until Sunday had passed.

The Captain of the vessel swore and pointed out that a change of wind would compel him to put to sea. "Go, then," replied these stern people. The minister said he could not guarantee the continuance of fair weather, "but he trusted that the same Providence which had put it into men's hearts to send them corn and potatoes would keep the wind steady in the northeast." And Providence was kind, for the wind remained steady in the northeast.

The St. Kildians are seventy-seven in number. They have decreased in number lately because of a singular mortality among the children, the majority of whom die before they are many days old. This may be due to the system of intermarrying that goes on, or because there is no doctor to combat with the mysterious baby foe. There are only one or sometimes two births a year. Rev. John Mackay, who ministers to the spiritual wants of the people, tries to do a little medicinally, but his prescriptions are confined, as a rule, to a poultice and a hot-water cloth. The country is infested by a schoolmaster. There are about fifty cows and one thousand sheep, which are common property; but there are no horses, that animal's work being relegated to the female St. Kildians. The minister's work keeps time for the whole island, and when informed by the men of the Hebrides that his work was too heavy for him, he chuckled over the fact that he could thereby bring the congregation together at nine instead of eleven o'clock, while he only was aware of the pious fraud. The houses of the people were tolerably good; McLeod, of McLeod, to whom this unprofitable piece of property belongs, having improved the buildings recently.

The great occupation of the people is catching sea-fowl. From March to November the island is covered with sea-fowl, and catching these birds is the staple industry. Multitudes of solan geese cover the rocks; there are myriads of gulls, northern divers, stormy petrels, black, solemn cormorants and simple guillemets, and, indeed, almost every kind of sea-bird. The difficult work of climbing about the rocks catching the birds is engaged in by both men and women. Enormous numbers of fowls are sent off every year. There a great deal is made out of feathers. Referring to the subject, Dr. MacCulloch, in his account of the island, says: "The air is full of feathered animals, the sea is covered with them, the houses are ornamented by them, and the inhabitants look as if they had been all tarred and feathered, for their hair is full of feathers, and their clothes are covered with feathers. The women look like feathered Mercuries, for their shoes are made of gannet's skin. Everything smells of feathers."—Pall Mall Gazette.

THE LATEST SOCIETY WHIM.

The latest craze which has struck the Washington belle is the carrying of canes. A few weeks ago a young leader in society returned from England, and the next day she surprised her friends by appearing on the streets with a cane. It wasn't the ordinary dude cane, but a nice little stick with a shepherd's crook of hammered silver. Sometimes she swung it and at other times she struck the ground with a sharp rap. There is no question that this created a sensation, but there is a great deal of difference of opinion as to whether the craze will strike or not. So far not more than half a dozen girls have mastered up courage enough to appear on the street with canes. The probabilities are that the craze will not extend to that point where it will seriously interfere with the ordinary every-day happiness of the modern duds.—Washington Letter.

—The Hawaiian Gazette says the natives of the Sandwich Islands have "only just reached a higher civilization than pol, the national dish, and if the Chinamen come into the islands all that has been gained will be lost." Then by all means let Chinese immigration into the Sandwich Islands be prohibited. When a people have reached a higher civilization than "pol" they should be assisted and encouraged in their great and glorious advancement. But what a ridiculous way to spell pie.—Norristown Herald.

—An artist's chance for drawing a turkey in a raffle is no better than anybody else's.—Boston Bulletin.

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